

Union Budget Meeting Passes Expenditure

U.B.C. Students Give Red Cross Caution Money

Estimate \$2,000 will be Raised in This Method, it is Expected

SELF-DENIAL PLAN Mile of Dimes Planned

By A. H. V. Backman
VANCOUVER, B.C., November 6 (C.U.P.).—Filled with a desire to help the Canadian Red Cross in its \$5,000,000 War Chest Drive Number Two, University of B.C. students today endorsed the Red Cross campaign of their Students' Council at the first special Alma Mater Society meeting of the year today noon. Over 1,500 students, who packed the University Auditorium for the most hectic A.M.S. meeting since the suspension of the C.S.A., signed away all their returnable caution money to start the campaign rolling. By this method an estimated \$2,000 has been earmarked for the first chapter in U.B.C.'s 1940-41 Red Cross campaign.

(Each year the student is assessed five dollars "caution" money to cover breakages in laboratories and damages due to interfaculty riots and skirmishes. The balance, if any, is returned at the end of the year. In past years, however, student campaigns have been financed by the waiving of this caution money balance. Last year over 800 students signed an estimated \$1,600 to the Canadian Red Cross by this method.)

Self-Denials Plans

In addition to this "precaution money," as it is called, the students plan a self-denial day, when all students will donate a nickel or a dime to the Red Cross instead of buying a coke or a package of cigarettes. Inter-faculty, inter-fraternity, inter-club rivalry is forecast to see which can deny the most. A barometer will probably be kept to indicate the daily donations of each group.

A Fraternity Ball, organized similarly to the President's Ball in the United States, has been suggested. So far the scheme includes only the Canadian universities, but it is suggested that the event be international. The proceeds are to go to the Canadian Red Cross.

A Mile of Dimes, descendant of U.B.C.'s original mile of nickels campaign, which helped to build the Brock Hall, is also planned by the co-eds.

Mixers, sponsored by the undergraduate societies on the campus, are scheduled to take place in the Brock Hall intermittently throughout the season.

The spirit of "insisting on helping the local Red Cross to achieve a \$690,000 objective in Greater Vancouver compelled the students to renounce the setting of any specified objective in their campaign. A proposed objective of \$2,500 was turned down without hesitation, as students yelled, "The sky is the limit."

Soph Reception Tomorrow Night

Two Suppers for Crowd

Plans for the Indian Summer setting at the Soph Reception on Saturday night are really getting under way, and if the executive are any good at marketing, it should prove to be successful. Farmers at the market square on Saturday will be a little surprised when a group of young things come in to buy all the pumpkins and ripe vegetables from their stalls. Athabasca Dining Room is going to look like a country garden, what with sheaves of grain and hay and yellow pumpkins. Even the lights are to be softened to give that "fallish" effect, so one of the executive informed us. Green grass and colored leaves seem to be out of the question with the coming of winter, but one may use one's imagination if one wishes to.

Cec Lewis and the boys will whip out their lilted notes for the many tripping feet, and anyone can go to see and hear, if they buy a ticket for a mere one dollar and seventy-five cents. As there are fourteen dances, the price is as the price of a real old country jitney—about ten cents per dance, and thirty cents for a swell luncheon.

Patronesses for the evening will be Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. MacEachran and Miss Dodd. Dancing will start on the dot at eight-thirty, and will stop at twelve midnight. Remember, you smart juniors and seniors, this is a reception for Freshmen, and it is given by the sophisticated Sophs, so therefore it is their dance, and so therefore they should be allowed to go through the reception line first, not that they will.

This is one function where a tux is not necessary, but the girls will appear as usual in their flowing gowns of evening wear.

TREASURER



Ed Lewis, Union Treasurer, under whose skillful guidance the budget meeting came to an early and successful close.

ORGANIST



Professor Nichols, who will give a Memorial Organ Recital, Armistice Day, beginning at 10:30 a.m. He also addresses the Philosophical Society Wednesday.

FORUM YEAR OFF WITH HOT DEBATE

"Resolved that Democracy is the Germ of its Own Destruction" is the resolution that will be under fire when the Open Forum gathers in mid-November for its first meeting of the session, according to announcement made by Eugene La Brie, who is making all arrangements.

The meeting will be held in the amphitheatre of the Medical building. Speakers upholding the affirmative of the question will be J. T. Burger, first year law, and Terrence Oldford, second year Ag. Former president of the Public Speaking Club, James Ross and Eric Conybeare, fourth year Arts, will be defending the negative.

Open Forum discussions are sponsored by the Debating Society, the Political Science Club and the Public Speaking Club, in turn. The forthcoming meeting is under the auspices of the Political Science Club.

Discussion of the resolution is welcomed after the leading addresses of the speakers, and provides a good opportunity for amateur speakers to gain experience.

Freedom of Press Topic of Address By R. B. Needham

IS DUTY OF PUBLISHER

Speaking at a meeting of the Political Science Club on Wednesday evening, R. B. Needham, special features and magazine editor of the Calgary Herald and a well known speaker, said that the freedom of the press rests with those who publish the newspaper and not with the unseen hand of finance and politics, as some have charged. His subject was the "Freedom of the Press."

"The press is only as free as the minds of those who work on the papers," he said, "and this is primarily caused by the publishers and newspapermen getting out of touch with the common people." This constitutes, he claimed, the most dangerous challenge to newspapermen today. As evidence of this fact he offered the proof that most of the newspapers in the United States had back the wrong candidate, and thus went against what proved to be the majority of public opinion.

Another restriction is an intangible influence of a newspaper being engaged in a business, a big business, and often the publisher is forced to ask himself whether this or that policy will affect his own business and that of others.

In answer to the question, "Do advertisers exercise an influence on the policy of a paper?" Mr. Needham declared that he did not think this existed any more. Papers free of advertising may have greater freedom of opinion, but they soon go out because they cannot keep up their circulation. Those who advocate the freedom of the press do not support it. They want the ads as well.

The speaker gave an inside view of the press functioning under wartime regulations. The Canadian censor acts as advisor to newspapers. He has no right to prevent them from publishing material which is in contravention to the law, they assuming the risk of penalty. There is no objection to criticism of Canada's war effort, though any prejudicial opinion is not tolerated. "Censorship in Canada is as reasonable as one could expect in a democratic country at war," he said.

Prior to the address by Mr. Needham, President Eugene La Brie called for the election of a vice-president and secretary of the club. Bill Bredo and Betty Ritchie were respectively elected to these posts by acclamation.

Basis of Music Philosophical Topic

Prof. Nichols to Demonstrate Theories of Sound

Professor L. H. Nichols will inaugurate a new departure when he addresses the Philosophical Society next Wednesday evening on the Physical Basis of Music in Convocation Hall.

Scientific apparatus familiar to the lecture hall, but novel to a meeting of the Philosophical Society, will feature a large part of the lecture as Prof. Nichols proceeds to explain and demonstrate the theories of sound. He also plans to use the Memorial Organ with some of its huge resonance pipes in the demonstration.

This will be the second meeting of the year for the society, the former meeting being held in October, at which Prof. Greene spoke on the downfall of the French Republic.

Annual College Formal Friday

One of the outstanding of the minor social functions on the campus, the ninth annual St. Joseph's formal, has been announced for Friday, Nov. 15. Emphasizing a patriotic motif, plans for this year's formal point for it to be a bigger and better success.

A limited number of invitations are being issued by the Formal Committee to students and their friends. These invitations will later be exchanged for programs at \$2.50 per couple. This charge covers the dancing from 9 till 1 a.m., and a tasty supper at intermission.

Music by Varsity's maestro of musical melodies, Chet Lambertson, is to be the feature attraction of an evening's gaiety and pleasure.

Receiving with Bert Venables, chairman of the Formal Committee, will be Dr. and Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr and Dr. and Mrs. J. M. McEachran at patrons. Other members of the committee are Dick Appleyard and Mark Dumont.

Quiz Contests Take Historical Trend As Europe War Continues

People with encyclopedic minds are coming to the fore these days on various programs styled after the popular "Information Please." A local quiz recently asked for the authors of two quotations; the first was something like this: "I shall fight in front of Paris, in Paris, behind Paris." The team of "experts" guessed General Weygand or Premier Reynaud to be the originator, but were told that the words were those of Clemenceau, spoken some twenty-five years ago. The second statement was a pronouncement to the effect that all preparations for the invasion of England were complete, that the necessary barges were massed along the French coast, etc. Guessers promptly ascribed the words to Hitler or to von Ribbentrop, only to discover that they were spoken by Napoleon more than a century ago.

The value of quiz programs may be debated, but this one prompted reflection on the need of historical perspective. That need can be illustrated by even such a lowly and much abused form of wit as the pun. A man reading the gospels, possibly for the first time, remarked that he read how certain people wishing to see Jesus were not able to get near him because of the "press." A pun on 17th century English is perhaps far fetched, but it is true that in our times we are not able to get near to the things that are true and abiding (quæcumque vera) because our historical perspective is distorted by screaming headlines and by radio flashes.

TO THE THIEVES ON THIS CAMPUS

Jack Miller, President of Rugby, tells us that you fellows had rather a tough time last Sunday morning. It seems that while an interfac rugby game was being played in almost zero weather, several of your number broke into the new strip room, went through each and every locker, and relieved the players of more than fifteen dollars. Perhaps we shouldn't go so far as to say that you broke in, for that implies that the entrance was forced, but this was not the case. You had a key, didn't you?

This was quite clever, and the boys whose money was missing feel badly because you didn't take time to make a more thorough search, for they tell us that they had much more cash in their clothes. In fact, they are so sorry that you fell short of your possible haul that they have agreed to make things even easier for you any time you want to pay a return visit. They have left their names and the amount of money which they will leave in their lockers at a future time, at The Gateway office, and this information can be had on request from the Editor. We will be only too glad to co-operate with you. Incidentally, there will be no questions asked.

Seeing, too, that your first attempt was such a failure, we take this opportunity to wish you all the success in the future, trusting that this, your premier job, will not be your last. You did much better last year. If we remember correctly, your haul included scarves, gloves, rubbers and even overcoats. The members of the Senior Men's Basketball team also forfeited the odd dollar to your fund, and from all appearances the prospects look even better this year.

With cold weather here more or less permanently, things are looking up for you boys. The Gateway, too, is often short of news, so please don't disappoint us. Let us hear more of your activities.

Rome Is Lesson To Modern World

J. WOOD IS SPEAKER

Speaking on "Les Anciens et les Folies du Monde Present," Joan Wood, president of the Cercle Français, at a meeting held in Athabasca Lounge on Wednesday afternoon, contrasted the outcome of the political and social conditions of the ancient world with those of the present day.

Presenting a picture of Ancient Rome during the time of Caesar, Miss Wood pointed out how the decadence and fall of that great empire should teach the modern world to beware that the same evils may not cause a parallel disaster today.

The imperialism of England in the last century was similar to the imperialism of Rome. Both had the same result—peace instead of disorder, civilization instead of barbarism. Yet both brought about similar evils, evils which Caesar tried to remedy, and which we try to remedy today. Both Greece and Rome suffered bitter class struggles. Hypocrisy took the place of justice, and as today, dictators and fifth column activities were found.

The meeting was well attended, some 75 members being present. Prior to the talk, tea was served. As a musical interlude, Jean Kelso played Debussy's "Second arabesque" followed by "Little Litanies of Jesus" by the still living French composer, Groulez.

At the conclusion of Miss Wood's address, Dr. Sonet led the students in a hearty sing-song in French.

Mrs. Kerr Entertains Committee at Tea

Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr, wife of the President of the University of Alberta, very graciously entertained members of the Wauneta War Workers' Committee at tea on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Duggan of the Household Economics lab and Isabel Howson, vice-president of the Students' Council, were also included among the guests. Tea was served in the living-room, and at 5:15 the guests adjourned to the library to listen to the W.W.W. broadcast arranged by Christine Van der Mark. The program consisted of musical numbers, skits and a recitation by Hope Spencer.

Plans for classes in motor mechanics have been abandoned for the time being, but it is hoped that an ambulance driving course may be arranged in the near future, if word is received from the east in time.

First aid classes under the direction of Miss Nellie Cram, are held every Wednesday at four o'clock in 156 Med building. About thirty have reported for this ten-week course.

Classes in home nursing have not been arranged, as not enough have shown interest in this phase of war work to warrant classes being formed.

The Waunetas have also been invited to do a little work on the side. They are making curtains for the new officers' mess at the recently remodelled covered rink.

Memorial Organ Program Monday

Prof. Nichols to Play

Fifteenth Armistice Day Organ Recital by Professor L. H. Nichols, organist to the University, will be held in Convocation Hall, Monday morning, starting at 10:30. An organ recital has been held every year since 1925 at the hour of the inauguration of the organ.

Both the Memorial Organ and the tablets in the halls of the University are a memorial to the fallen in the first Great War, and were erected in 1925 by the alumni of the University with funds given by graduates, members of the teaching staff, employees, undergraduates and friends of the University. This year the recital is also a tribute to include those of the University who have already given their lives in the present war. Professor Nichols has selected as his program the following selections:

Vitral Henry Mulet
Two Organ Chorales: Blessed are ye faithful souls departed (Brahms), Have mercy on me, O God (Bach).
Reverie G. O'Connor Morris
Solemn Melody Waldford Davies
Requiem Aeternam Basil Harwood
Silence.
Dead March in Saul Handel
Hymn: Now Praise we Great and Famous Men Tarrant
Paean Percy Whitlock
God Save the King

NOTICE

Following the Remembrance Day holiday, Nov. 11, there will be no issue of The Gateway on Tuesday, Nov. 12. Full coverage of news during the next week will be given in the Friday, Nov. 15th, issue. Watch for it!

Students' Union Meet Quiet; Rink Construction Major Item; Dr. Kerr Opening Address

President Claims Alberta Student Government Most Democratic

NELSON PRESIDES

Lewis Goes Through Expenditure in Record Time

Once more the mass budget meeting came and went the way of all good budget meetings. A low attendance—some 300 students availed themselves of their privileges—coupled with a passive interest in the matter at hand, did not present a very live setting for the Council to present this year's estimate of expenditures, at a meeting held Wednesday morning in Convocation Hall.

Before the meeting, many members of the Council felt that there would be lively questioning of some of the items, especially the levy for Campus A Cards. However, to the joy of Treasurer Ed Lewis, very little explanation was required to go through the estimate item by item. Only discussion came on the appropriation for the outdoor rink.

In opening the meeting, Dr. W. A. R. Kerr, President of the University and Honorary President of the Students' Union, described the government of the students and the University. "Student government at this University is of a unique type. There is no more democratic administration in Canada than that which prevails here at Alberta," he said.

At the request of President Jack Nelson, Secretary Cec Robson read the minutes of the last general meeting held in the spring of this year, which minutes were adopted as read without error or omission.

Then Treasurer Ed Lewis took the floor and kept it for a whole half-hour, expecting at any moment to meet a barrage of questions which did not materialize. As the budget had been printed in The Gateway on November 1, as provided for in the constitution, students had ample opportunity to digest it.

While the total expenditures on athletics are down, the majority of the clubs operating under the athletic associations have received larger grants from the general fund because this year Alberta has to travel to the various tournaments and series. Both rugby and hockey show major drops because of curtailment of intercollegiate competition. Track and basketball, too, have suffered in this respect. While plans are not yet indefinite, it is felt that not so much money will be required for the hockey and basketball series that will be arranged.

Major item on this year's budget is the financing and construction of an outdoor rink to replace the covered rink, which has been transferred to the militia. While the sum of fifteen hundred dollars may seem high as the students' share of this undertaking, yet when all the costs—water installation, lights, fence, dressing rooms, and administration—are added, it is evident that the rink will easily cost the three thousand dollars as estimated. University authorities are paying the balance of this expense.

Finally, as the clock was approaching the zero hour for lunch and the students were beginning to leave in droves, the budget was moved and accepted, as stated. Meeting adjourned at 12:05 p.m.

INTERVARSITY CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

There is a change in the Fellowship meetings because of a change in the army drill classes. Weekly meetings are held every Wednesday from 12:25 to 12:55 p.m. in A-148. Gospel of St. John is being studied. There will be meetings every second Thursday, starting Nov. 14th, in the evening, with special speakers for these. Everyone is welcome. The evening meetings will be especially interesting. Watch the bulletin boards.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Please note that in future all applications for social functions (club dances, faculty and club dinners) MUST BE IN WRITING and addressed to the Provost at least TEN days before such function is scheduled to take place.

These will be first submitted to the Schedule Man. Names of the committee in charge should accompany all applications for permission to hold social functions.

Such applications may be left at the Students' Union office.

FRED KENDRICK, Schedule Man.
11128 86th Ave. Phone 31572.

NOTICE

At 11 a.m. Sunday evening at McDougall Church there will be an address by Miss Julia Matouskova, of the World Y.W.C.A., formerly of Y.W.C.A. of Czechoslovakia. She is now touring Canada, speaking to youth groups under sponsorship of Y.W.C.A.

Election Chance For Fresh Class Next Thursday

Nominations Received by Secretary of Students' Union

TUESDAY NOON DEADLINE

Robson Hopes for Enthusiasm in Franchise Display

The holding of the Frosh elections was announced this week by Cec Robson, Students' Union secretary.

The elections, to be held Nov. 14, are the first chance given this year to the Freshman class to exercise their franchise. Voting in previous elections has been restricted to other classes.

When Freshmen trot to the poll in the Arts Common Room next Thursday, they will name a president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, and three executive members. On this group, among other things, will be the burden of producing the last formal of the year, the Freshman Reception to the Sophomores, held on the first Saturday in March.

Nominations for each post are to be signed by the nominee and nine members of the class and filed with Cec Robson, chief returning officer, in the Students' Union office on Tuesday morning, Nov. 12, from 9 to 12. Forms may be obtained from the telephone wicket in the Cashier's office.

The Secretary, pointing out the importance of the election, said that the future spirit of this year's class greatly depended on the appointment of a good executive in the first year. If a class, he stated, starts out with plenty of enthusiasm in its first year, it carries this with it through the coming years.

Any member of the Frosh class is entitled to run, and Freshies may easily show other classes a sample of University spirit by each individual pepping up the nominations and putting over their first election.

Angle Trisection Math Club Topic

First general meeting of the Math Club is slated for Tuesday, Nov. 12th, at 7 p.m., in Arts 139, and a paper on "The Trisection of an Angle" will be read by Denny Ross.

Preceding the actual business of the evening there will be a supper gathering at Big Tuck. Attendance at the supper is purely optional, the executive having arranged it for the convenience of those overtown students who would otherwise find it difficult to get to the meeting on time.

Executive of the club consist of: President, Denny Ross; secretary-treasurer, George Kokotailo; executive members, J. Charyk and T. Fostvelt. Miss Anna Malanchuk is hostess, and Dr. Campbell is faculty representative.

TUMBLING NOTICE

Athletic Director Pantan announces the first tumbling meeting of the year. All those interested should be at Athabasca gym on Monday at 7 p.m. Purpose of the club is to keep men who must spend most of their waking hours studying, in condition. Monday will give the boys a chance to work out on the box-horse, the mats and the apparatus.

NOTICE

The Dramatic Society and the Philharmonic Society have openings for anyone interested in scenery and stage setting.

Will anyone wishing to help in either or both of these societies, please sign the notice posted in the Arts Rotunda.

THE GATEWAY



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MONDAY is November 11, 1940. Everyone knows it as Armistice or Remembrance Day. To some people it is just another holiday, to others it is a thing of the past, something to be forgotten and discarded. Now that we are engaged in another war, they feel that observance of the anniversary of the end of the Great War is mockery and hypocrisy. It is to these persons that this editorial is addressed.

Three years ago we felt that observance of Armistice Day was simply an excuse for a deluge of sentimental speeches, a pretext to remember those who had been destroyed, while ignoring the destruction ahead. Those were the days when Europe still hoped for peace, and Munich was in the offing. This was the time of appeasement, a period of innocuous bliss when Hitler was to a large extent ignored, or if he were listened to he was trusted to keep his word. Nations were re-arming for Peace. Each one trying to hold its head above the other countries around it, trying to keep its footing in the race toward security.

It was in an atmosphere like this that Remembrance Day, 1937, was celebrated. The scene—Trafalgar Square, 11 a.m. A mass of people stand with their heads bowed. Everything is peaceful. Suddenly into this pregnant silence a virtual bombshell is thrown. A cry is heard shocking the multitude into momentary realization: "All this is hypocrisy. You're leading us into another war." The man is dragged away, an escaped lunatic. The incident is forgotten, as is the purpose of Remembrance Day at the end of the two-minute silence.

Those were the days when Remembrance Day should have been discarded. Then it was nothing more than a day of forgetfulness. Forgotten the pledge which the nations of Europe vowed on that memorable November morning. Forgotten the present—remembered the past—for a two-minute period.

Today the situation is entirely different. After numerous attempts to persuade Audacious Adolf to stay within the bounds of his "greater" Germany, Britain adopted a more energetic and emphatic policy, and gave her guarantee to Poland. In September, 1939, when the German hordes again moved across into another state with the intention of taking it into the Nazi fold, Britain, together with her ally France, declared war.

Now with the war in its second year, the time has come to observe a Remembrance Day which must never be forgotten. Not as a vague memory of the Armistice of the first Great War, but as a reminder of this one. It is time to completely efface the memory of those who died in the last conflict, for they died in vain. Give thought to the men of Poland, Norway, Denmark, Belgium and Holland and France; the soldiers of Britain, their wives and children who have gone down before the onslaught of the new German might.

Think of those countries now under the yoke of Hitler's Brutalitarian form of government, their freedom of individuals as scattered as the leaflets with which Britain bombarded Germany at the start of the war.

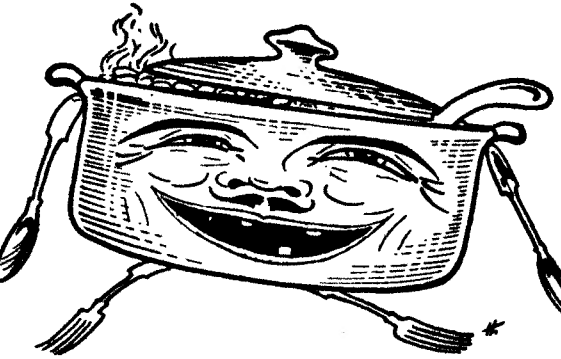
Think of all this and remember. Remember our war aim—one and indivisible. That aim is to rid Europe of that "Nazi gangster" and the plague with which he has crippled the continent. This and nothing more. This is what we have to observe then on this Remembrance Day, keeping before use the words of the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill:

"We will face whatever is coming to us. We are sure of ourselves and of our cause. . . (We will fight) if necessary for years. If necessary, alone."

EDITORIAL SQUIBS

A note to the Sheaf: "Huskies Lose Closely Played Game 27 to 5," "Skip Hall's Dynamic Play Feature of the Game, While Fritz Squad Utilized Every Break."

CASSEROLE



You all have most likely heard the one about Papa Bull, who remarked as he watched his little son disappear over a cliff: "A little bull goes a long way."

Here's a little more, so start hauling.

At a large practice of a company of cadets the captain swaggered up to the latest recruit and proceeded to give some instructions about his gun. "See here, my man, this thing is a rifle. Here is the barrel, there's the stock. You slip the cartridge in there. Now you put the weapon to your shoulder. These little things on the barrel are the sights. When you have taken accurate aim, you pull this little thing, which is the trigger. Now remember what I have told you. By the way, what is your business? A clerk, I suppose?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "I'm a gunsmith."

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye.
Damn! Another broken bottle.

A man wandered into a tennis tournament the other day and sat down on the bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.

"Only the good are really happy," says a New York columnist.

Maybe, maybe, but the other guys seem to have a lot of fun, too.

Counsel (to the police witness)—But if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, that does not prove that he is drunk.

Policeman—No, sir, it does not. But this one was trying to roll up the white line.

Guess Who (supporting himself on a lamp-post)—Say, copper, where am I?

Cop—At the corner of Jasper and First.

G.W.—To hell with that. What town am I in?

He was doing his best to fit his key into the lock, singing a happy song meanwhile. After a time a head emerged through the window above.

"Go away, you fool," cried the man upstairs. "You're trying to get into the wrong house."

"Fool yourself!" shouted back the man below. "You're looking out of the wrong window."

Pa—It's a terrible thing. I sold my car and mortgaged my house and land, all to send my son to the university. And all he does there is smoke, drink, and take girls out to parties.

Pal—Oh, so you're regretting it?

Pa—Certainly. I should have gone myself.

With the Thespians Around

An actor who had seen better times surveyed the room offered him and asked the landlady after he had noticed the absence of a wash basin:

"And where do I perform my ablutions?"

"If it's a new trick you'll do it at the theatre, not here. I had two chairs ruined by an acrobat last week," exclaimed the landlady.

These heads appeared in your Tuesday issue in a story on last Saturday's game against the Golden Bears. Was this story written from long distance or was your scribe suffering from delusions of an inferiority complex? True it is that Hall played a grand game, our hats off to him, but he was the only one who had any effect against Alberta.

Our objections are to calling it a close game and inferring that the win was lucky. There were fumbles, certainly, but on both sides; and what about those questionable decisions on interference by Alberta? They did not do Saskatchewan any harm.

It is too bad that the weather has prevented Alberta from showing the U. of S. students that finally we have a team that can lick the well-know pants off their rugby team.

Another question: What happened to a little telegram that was sent to the Sheaf last week. We would have liked to have been offered a chance to recoup our losses from last year. How about it, boys?

There used to be a time when letters written to the Editor would contain constructive criticism, but that era seems to be passed. We know that there is a certain class of people who spend all their time writing letters to newspapers, even if they have nothing to say. Such was the letter in Tuesday's Gateway. Knowing the source of said missile, we shall ignore the whole thing. Need we say more?

It is a great pity when out of more than a thousand students, twenty-two (five of them members of the press) turn out to a meeting of the Political Science Club to hear such a noted newspaperman as Richard Needham speak on a topic so controversial as the Freedom of the Press. We are not surprised, however, for it merely reflects the attitude of the students to everything around here.

Wide-Eyed in Gotham

By Reuven Frank

A Canadian University Press Feature

Through the Stomach.

New York—The man of modest means must mortgage his immortal soul to afford a good meal in this town, yet people here are the eatinest there am. From sunrise to sunset they eat, or they drink, or they contemplate their next masti-catory session. It would surprise me not in the least to learn that natural selection has bred a New Yorker with a stomach that is deep, wide and galvanized like a garbage can.

There are restaurants of every price range; there are several chains of cafeterias each with several hundred branches; and there are several hundred independent cafeterias; there are chains of stand-up-and-guzzle-it stands; there are White Tower "hamburger joints"; there are low-priced "food shops" which serve no bread but crumpets, which are known as English muffins; there are innumerable Chinese restaurants specializing in chow mein, chop suey and Ballantine's Beer; there are stands which vend exotic drinks extracted from tropical fruits; there are kosher delicatessens and restaurant adjuncts to grocery stores and bakeries; and, surprisingly enough, there are still people who eat at home.

New York's millions are all gourmands, but there is not a gourmet in the lot. Food is high, and the pulp is but slightly lower, but the restaurant which serves the food is giving way to the cafeteria, where mass production methods have been applied to semi-nourishing pulp, and there is no waitress to tip. These bakelite-lined emporia can be found three, four and five in a row, and all of them busy enough to demand a ten-cent minimum.

And then, of course, there is the Automat. You present a dollar at a wicket, and the gum-and-chewing tens behind the grill shove a crimson-tipped paw into a mess of nickels. She regards them not, she counts them not, but when she strews them in front of you like so much sand there are invariably twenty. These are constantly and continually fed into slots, and the resultant turn of the crank disgorges a piece of pie, a slice of bread, a glass of milk, a cup of coffee (with just so much cream), a side-order of vegetables—anything you desire.

The Automat is cool, spotless and completely free of smoke. It seems that Messrs. Horn and Hardart, founders of the chain, whose names are still emblazoned above the word "Automat," were Dutchmen. Dutchmen, besides being scrupulously clean, would never smoke in the house. This accounts for the evolution of those long Dutch pipes which were used to sit in the house and smoke out the window. Therefore, the will of Mr. Horn (or was it Mr. Hardart who died last?) stipulated that no one shall smoke in the Automat from then until the end of time.

So far, no one has.

Food is inordinately expensive, but the people do not eat food. They

subsidist on cafeteria fibre (clean but tasteless), carbonated belly-wash, and hot dogs which are delightfully reminiscent of The Jungle by Upton Sinclair. There are several places where the hot dog is served for five cents, but a mug of root beer is thrown in free. The root beer isn't bad, tasting merely like soap, but the hot dog is obviously old and well-preserved, for you can still taste the formaldehyde.

There is a new wrinkle in hot dog-gery around Times Square. The aforementioned meat (sic) is immersed in a batter and subjected to very high temperature. The batter, being allegedly egg and stuff, tries to live up to the claims made for it, and puff and rise and become a roll enveloping the hot dog. It is a fascinating operation, and thousands of people stand outside the window to watch it. When we went inside, we were greeted with the shout, "One frank coming up!" making us feel self-conscious at being thus heralded.

What is the basic issue agitating the mind of Americans today? Is it, "Now that the elections are over, what?" Is it, "What of the war in Europe, and how will the draft affect me?" Is it even, "Where will sex end?" No, it is none of these. The basic issue agitating the minds of Americans today is Coca Cola vs. Pepsi Cola.

I have seen two men, each absorbing his own favorite, come nearly to blows at a refreshment stand. One contended that these people have a good thing which they worked on and developed, and along come these other folk with their Loft candy-money and copy it. Why, it's like stealing. . . The other exploded slightly on the third gulp, and said it was high time the cola beverages were opened to the good old free competition which made this country what it is today. Monopoly cannot be allowed in this vital industry, and these people proved you can sell twelve ounces for five cents, while the others are trying to foist six on the public.

And further down on Seventh Avenue, it's "I was talking to a Coca Cola driver the other day and he says this new competition is making them lose money every day. "Loft is merging with Pepsi Cola, but Loft held eighty per cent of their stock anyway. . . This from a woman who doesn't know stock from feed. And a political insider speculates on the significance of Jim Farley working for "coke" and whether he will put out as many different brands as he did stamps.

The modern merchandising really comes to its peak in packaged foods. Through years of invidious and invidious propaganda, the food manufacturers have blinded the consumer to taste, nourishment and other little things we commonly associate with a good meal. Has it Vitamins A, B, D and X-square? Is it vitalized? Is it naturesaid? Is it shot from (1) guns, (2) cannon, (3) ninety-nine millimeter howitzers? And above all, is it juiced?

Besides the ordinary orange, grapefruit and pineapple and the up-and-coming apple, the prune, the raisin, the carrot, the string-bean, the onion, and the humble turnip have been subjected to juicing. Hundreds and thousands and millions of cans pass over department store counters daily as housewives institute a campaign of "Drink it! It's clean! It's just chock-full of vitamins! It's slenderizing! It's fattening! It comes to you without contact of human hand!" When the advertising man says grace he is sure to add a word or two " . . . from whom all juices flow."

Do you like sea food? Here, just a whistle from Herald Square, is Patty's Clam Bar. Every fat woman in town is here wrestling with a plateful of oysters, which, we are told, "R in season. Every bearded Frenchman for miles around is dribbling seaweed. Noise, crowd, smoke, people, people, people, dirt, bedlam, lobsters. . . The waiter asks, "What's the dame want?" and drops a spoon into the filthy saw-dust that covers the floor. He picks it up and wipes it on his dirty apron. The young man raises an objection. The waiter is deeply hurt: "Who the — do you think you are?" Objection over-ruled.

For diversion in the evening, people go to a night club and eat.

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Theatre Directory

VARSCONA—Fri. and Sat.—"Broadway Melody of 1940" with Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire, with added Shorts.

GARNEAU—Thurs. and Sat.—"Blondie on the Budget" with the Bumstead Family, and "Dark Rapture."

PRINCESS—Sat. Mon. and Tues.—"Dr. Kildare's Strange Case," "Blondie Has Servant Trouble," and "Pluto's Dream House."

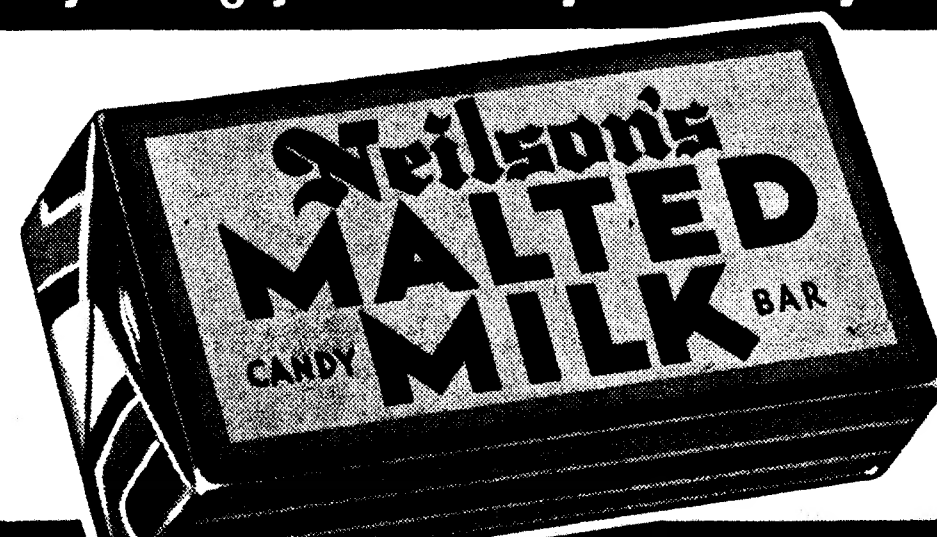
STRAND—Playing until Monday—"The Sea Hawk" with Errol Flynn and Brenda Marshall.

EMPRESS—Sat. Mon. Tues.—"Queen of the Yukon" and "Chasing Trouble."

RIALTO—Wed. Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 6 to 8—Double Feature Program: Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Rose Marie," and "Pirates of the Skies" with Kent Taylor and Rochelle Hudson. Starting Saturday for 3 days—Gloria Jean in "Little Bit of Heaven."

CAPITOL—Saturday, running one week—"It's In the Air" with George Formby, a farce Comedy hit.

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UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Not satisfied with this, our dear friend next complains of a banner (not a headline) in the same issue SEE PAGE FOUR

LETTER

DIRGE

Lonesome Polecat is my name.
I cry it aloud in deepest shame.
For all through the week
I have knelt at the phone,
So humble and meek,
So sad and alone.
No one has phoned me,
So young and forlorn;
So, lowly and meekly
I stay here at home.

J. S. W.

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The March of Fashion

If I should want to rave I could, without any stretch of the imagination whatsoever, call each of the evening's glamor gowns in Walk-Rite's showing a sure-fire "Proposal Prompter". Because if you in one of our bouffant taffetas or slender sleep crepes can't prompt certain ideas in to a young man's head and heart, then, so help me, the moon has always been made of green cheese.

And the best of it is, these charming frocks in all their glory are priced at just \$9.95.

The choice of color is wide—immaculate white, brilliant cerise, sweet blues (a net in this shade with bright gold threads patterning it is exceptionally dainty and breath-taking), and greens. You'll be lovelier than you've ever been tomorrow night in any one of Walk-Rite's evening dresses.

Your feet must twinkle brightly, too, and Walk-Rite has a luring display of glittering evening shoes. Satins and gold and silver mesh combinations, gilded or silvered kids in sandal and formal wedgie stylings that cost from \$3.98 to \$5.98. All fittings.

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This Stuff Called Rugby

Yes, rugby is "stuff." How else can it be designated. One could not properly call it a thing. And it would be really too, too prosaic to call it a game. Well, then, it must be understood here and now that it is stuff.

At any rate, I betook myself to the Varsity grid last Saturday to gaze on a field of this stuff. Arriving ten minutes after the play began, I was just in time to see the first over-exuberant and liquidated spectator being carried out. I hurriedly secured his seat and settled myself snugly in my blanket preparatory to watching the organized mayhem then being conducted on the field. My intentions were, however, much abused by an energetic gentleman on my right. He was so energetic that I honestly believe he would yawn dynamically. Be that as it may, his flailing arms and raucous voice upset me terribly. I was approaching a state of incoherent profanity when he decided that he should go down about three tiers and visit a friend.

This disturbance being removed, I again settled myself, only to discover that the end of the first quarter had arrived. Everybody seized this short respite and changed their seats. After my head and abdomen had played landing field to various feet and flying bodies, the play resumed. This time I was confident that I would be allowed to watch the players in peace. Alas! it could not be.

A young lady of elephantine proportions hove into view, and came to harbor in the seat in front of me. The moment I sighted her on the horizon I knew why the Lords of Creation had had to produce so many of those weedy, washed-out specimens we see about. There was a shortage of material. Truly, she made a Graf Zeppelin look like a cucumber in the drought area. It was not her size that offended so much as the fact that she persisted in standing up. It must have been the pressure inflicted on her middle as she sat. Anyway, her mountainous back continually blocked my view. I was now reduced to a state of murderous frenzy.

Murderous? Ah, how mild a word! Throwing caution to the winds, I beat her into unconsciousness with a flask that one of my neighbors had conveniently produced. Disposing of the body was simple. I merely threw her carcass into the enemy benches, thereby incapacitating three of their players.

Again I settled down to watch this rugby stuff, and at last I was undisturbed. Undisturbed? Physically, yes. But now a mental eruption set in. What in blazes was happening on the field?

The two teams were crouching opposite one another. Why they crouched I really couldn't tell you. Perhaps they were hunting for the quarter that everybody wanted back. One of the players shouted something that sounded like, "Twenty-three potatoes hitch-hiked to Minnesota." Then all was chaos. People ran wildly in all directions, and eventually they all started to run after one poor player who carried the ball. Their behavior was very unportsmanlike. When they caught up with this poor fellow they all took turns at jumping on him. He really wasn't doing anything either, just running around like the rest of them. It didn't do them any good anyway; all they succeeded in doing was to squash the ball out of shape. One perfectly good ball was squashed into an oval, egg-like form. Evidently they couldn't afford another, because they kept on playing with the same ball, deformed as it was.

Some chap with a whistle ran out and tried to stop this insane conduct, but he didn't seem to be very convincing because in a few minutes they had started all over again. All this while I was attempting to count the number of players on each team. It was a vain attempt, because there was a continual interchange of players on the field with players on the bench. I idly wondered if they would call on the spectators when they went through those on the benches.

Returning to the stuff going on, I perceived that one of the teams had backed the other right up close to their goal-posts. The crowd started to yell, "Hold that line! Hold that line!" I looked around, but couldn't see any young lovers around, so I don't know yet what they were yelling about. Then one of the players succeeded in a mean trick. He pretended he had the ball and drew all the opposing team onto his track. Meanwhile the fellow who really had the ball ran around behind the rest and set the ball down behind the goal-posts. All in all, I thought the whole thing was rather deceitful.

When this was accomplished the crowd went wild, and started yelling about a convert. This made me wonder if I was in pagan company. Then one of the players lost his temper. At least he seemed to, because he kicked that ball for all he was worth. This annoyed me greatly, but the consensus of opinion seemed to be in favor of this action. I attempted to acquaint the fellow with my disapproval, but someone

near me struck my nose with his fist. Entirely accidental, I presume. The two teams now moved down to the centre of the field. Why they did this I don't know, but I think they came back to resume their search for that quarter. I thought it very unmannerly to interrupt the play in this way and intended to offer them twenty-five cents of my own. When I suggested this course, everybody near me roared with laughter. Someone even slapped me on the back and said, "Not bad, not bad." I am still at a loss to understand it.

All the time the stuff was going on a Nazi announcer kept butting in with his perfidious propaganda. He was using a public address system, and often succeeded in diverting the attention of the crowd. For example, he would ask the spectators to applaud certain players as they came off the field, and I sadly fear that most of those present were taken in by this ruse. What he hoped to accomplish I really couldn't say.

All this while I had been pondering the object of the play, and at last I realized that it was a miniature form of warfare. It appears that each team attempts to cripple as many members of the opposing team as possible. This is done by having a designated person apprehend one of the enemy by wrapping his arms about his opponent's legs. The opponent's momentum brings him to the ground. Immediately the attacker's team-mates take a long run and jump on the poor victim before he has a chance to regain his feet. The score is kept secretly. Seemingly they score by the number of times the ball is placed behind the enemy's goal line, but I think that this is a deceit maintained in the interests of gate receipts.

The realization of the barbarism connected with this game disgusted me, and I decided to leave. It was much easier thought of than accomplished. Hemmed on all sides by a slavering mob that would well grace the gladiatorial shows of ancient Rome, it was impossible for me to get away from this gruesome spectacle. Fearing I might contract a case of Rugby Bottom, an ailment brought about by contact with cold benches, I grew desperate. Then inspiration struck me. Seizing the flask my neighbor was lifting to his lips I poured its contents on the boards beneath my feet. The hole thus formed by the chemicals in the liquid was my exit, and I quickly slithered through, taking with me the undying hatred of my inebriated neighbor and the remainder of the contents of the flask.

When I reached safety I breathed a sigh of relief, and swore that I would never again go to see this stuff called rugby without taking proper precautions.

J. S. W.

UNSLEEPING EYES

In War's cold storm which sweeps the world

I lay me down—but not to sleep,
For phantoms through the darkness hurled
Shout prayers and curses, muttered deep.
I lay me down—but not to dream:
The Dark Reality belies
All flights of fancy and I seem
Never to close my weary eyes.

Where Night should bring content
and rest
Earth's very soul in anguish stares—
The dark is peopled and oppressed
With ghosts which thrick their
boastless prayers!

Dead men are marching in the shades;
I hear their footfall in the grass.
Beyond my sight their column fades—
It seems their legions ne'er will pass!

Pale women, hushed with fear and wrath
Stand by and weep; and children cling
In endless lines beside the path—
But Childhood's voices do not sing.

Their eyes stare darkly in the night;
An inarticulate cry escapes
Their pallid lips. Life seems a blight
Upon their ghastly, unreal shapes!

Unsleeping eyes which stare and stare
Into the Future's black abyss—
Blank with a wordless, wild despair,
Could Hell be more a hell than this?

Unsleeping eyes which have no sight—
From which Life's star-lit Hope has fled—
Ghosts marching in a murky night—
Ghosts of the living, not yet dead!

O, Mystic curtains of the dark
Drop down upon this tragic scene—
Let sleepless eyes yet see a spark
Beyond this hour, of Life serene!
From out this dark and fitful dream
I pray that all these broken lives
May laugh again—that Freedom's gleam
Behind this terror, still survives!

—BERT HUFFMAN.
Delburne, Oct. 23, 1940.

Belgium, 1940

A ghastly, hollow Voice I Hear,
From Belgian fields, all gold and red;

I listen deeply, without Fear
And this is what it bravely said:

"I am the Deathless Voice of men
Who perished here: our flesh,
alone,
Enriched this once embattled plain—
Our Souls are living, on and on.
We are aroused by War and Hate,
We thrill again to meet the Foel!
Our blood-soaked earth, insatiate,
Drinks, once again, the rich, red flow!"

"O Brothers, take our Deathless Zeal
And take our Vision from the Grave—
And where their ruthless armies reel,
The Dead shall make the Living Brave!
The Memory of the Past shall fling
Resistless Fury in his path—
The Unforgotten Dead shall sing
Wild Paens of our long-pent Wrath!"

"We rise to greet you Face to Face!
We hover through the lurid night,
We add our fury to your pace.
We arm you with defiant Might.
For Freedom is assailed and torn
And Life and Liberty despised—
But, we, the Dead, are not forlorn,
Nor rue the lives we sacrificed."

"By every Belgian poppy blown,
By every roadside, every stream,
Our Spirits spring to greet your own,
To stir your Valor with our Dream!

To you has come this tragic Hour:
Shall Freedom live, or Freedom Die?
In your Brave Hearts and Matchless Power,
The eager answers proudly lie!"

—BERT HUFFMAN.
Delburne, May 26, 1940.

Added Ads

15 Men's Wool Suits, \$3.00; they won't last an hour!—Ad in Tacoma News-Tribune. American Greeter, Denver, Col.

Sign in a ladies' specialty shop in midtown: "Look! For only \$1.98 you can be a queen of the Undi-World!" —Walter Winchell.

"Lost, Tabby Cat, answers to John. Reward (one black eye).—Advt. in Devonshire paper.

She's the California bungalow type —all modern improvements, but no heat.—Utah Chronicle.

The young lawyer, retained by a farmer to bring an action against a railway company for the loss of 24 pigs, did his best to impress the jury with the magnitude of the case.

"Just think of it, gentlemen! Twenty-four pigs—twice the number there are in the jury box!"

The perfect host is one who, when a guest spills the salt, overturns the tables and smashes the mirror in order to save him from feeling embarrassed.

Kitty Korner

By SECORD JACKSON

Poor little Freshette at the house dance took pity on a poor little lonely Freshman, asked him to dance; danced, asked him his name, "Jack Neilson," he shyly said.

Seems as if the Tuck Shop was the scene of a laundry dance last Saturday night. Lots of people wet, too.

And then there was the Athabaska Abner who thought that Sadie was kidding when she asked him to meet her on the grounds of No. 1 University Ave. last week.

The Outdoor Club is looking for volunteer workers. Girls to paint the ceiling, boys to clear the hill and help build a kitchen. Anybody want to try?

U.B.C. has a unique way of raising funds for war work. Their Dime-a-Smile campaign should prove successful. You girls who have not yet taken to knitting, sewing, or first aid might rack your brains a little and invent some ingenious scheme of extracting a few pennies, nickels and dimes from students here.

This one appeared in The Gateway office "out of nowhere":

Ten little Freshmen out killing time,
One got soused and then there were nine.

Nine little Freshmen out on a date,
One got married and then there were eight.

Eight little Freshmen at the gates of heaven,
One got the devil and then there were seven.

Seven little Freshmen out in the sticks,
One saw his home town and then there were six.

Six little Freshmen beating out jive,
Someone killed the drummer and then there were five.

TODAY IS THE DAY

By DON CARLSON

Grande Prairie.—Every morning I make a tour of the stores in Grande Prairie, soliciting comments on the radio programs we presented the day before. I also stoop to commercializing my talents by selling spot ads praising the virtues of a thousand and one commodities. That is just by the way, however. My tour is really a sight-seeing trip whereby I can get a cross-section view of a small Western Canadian town in war-time. If you agree that Churchill is the greatest Prime Minister since Pitt the Younger, that Chamberlain is best off (and the Empire too) back in his factory in Birmingham, that Roosevelt is the man to win the November election, if you think that way, you are the pal of 90 per cent. of Grande Prairie's business men. If you don't, you're everything from a pinkish-tinged young radical to a milkpso "conscientious objector." You're looked upon with suspicion, even as they look upon the leading shoemaker of the town, who is openly accused of Nazi sentiments. The latter's biggest item of business right now, incidentally, is mending shoes for the boys in training at the Grande Prairie military camp.

forward. They were moving up, through desolation, to meet the enemy. It made me think of the battle-cry, "We will win this war—the end is victory." That picture was not hanging there when I first came here in April.

In another local store there is another picture I am sure you have all seen. It is the dramatic action scene of a small band of Canadians in action against the Germans at Ypres. The artist is right in the Canadian trench, which is no more than a shallow depression in the ground, protected by a low parapet of blood-stained sandbags. You are looking across a morass of mud and shell-holes, as wave after wave of green-clad Germans come sweeping toward you and the score of Canadians holding the position. One young lad is manning an old clumsy Lewis gun. Two boys are on the ground—they have paid the Supreme Sacrifice. In the centre of the picture, standing on the shoulder of the parapet, a mud-stained, bloody bandage wrapped around his bare head, is another young Canadian. He is looking back at his comrades; he is pointing toward the enemy with his left arm outstretched, something like the outstretched arm of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. It reminds one of Marshal Foch's historic words during the great 1918 German offensive: "My left is crumbling—my centre cannot hold—my right has gone. We have nothing left to do but advance." Those words brought up to date, with their 1940 connotation, mean simply this: "We will win this war—the end is victory." I watched a dozen people come into the store as I stood there. At least ten of them looked up at that picture, and the way they looked seemed to tell me that that was the message they were getting, too. The last time I had seen the picture was when I was a boy. It hung over my bed in my old home. I often thought of it since, because it was a favorite with me. I had never grasped its real meaning till I saw it again in the summer of 1940, in a dusty little store in Grande Prairie.

In front of CFGP's downtown studios there is another message posted, to let us know that Britain has been in trouble before, has always come through when things looked their blackest. The lines read like this: "There is no depression in this house; and we are not interested in the possibilities of defeat. They do not exist." The words were written by Queen Victoria, in a letter, when the South African war was at its most critical stage. That was 40 years ago—twice as far back as World War I. Coming off shift, standing out in front of the studios, to get a bit of fresh air, I have watched as people stopped to read this battle-cry of two generations ago. Like Churchill's poster, like the two paintings in the two stores, this one too seems to reassure the passers-by. It seems to supply the adequate answer to all their questions, even as it might have done to the late King George's unforgettable question he asked on his death-bed: "How is it with my Empire?"

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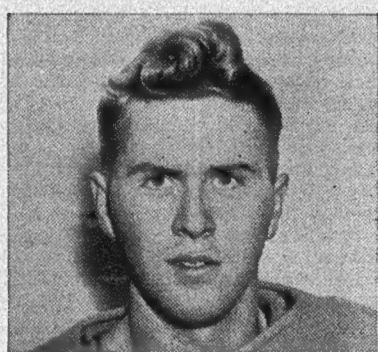
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GEORGE STUART



George Stuart, veteran forward in the Golden Bears, who this week was elected president of hockey for a two-year term. With excellent hockey material on hand, he should lead Varsity to another successful year.

Weather Cancels Golden Bear vs Huskies Game

Possibility of Resumption of
Series—Hardy Trophy
Still Undecided

By Ross Alger

With Jack Frost turning the tables on the well-laid plans of intercollegiate rugby, Golden Bears will go into hibernation over the Armistice week-end. Cold weather with heavy snowfall and no indication of a let-up forced Saskatchewan Huskies to cancel the return match with Alberta Bears, which was to have been played in Saskatoon on Saturday.

Although inclement weather has hampered local rugby preparations, one of Alberta's players at least will be pounding the grid on Saturday; that player is Bob Freeze, who awaited only the outcome of inter-varsity negotiations to climb aboard the train for Calgary to join the Calgary Bronks, who will journey to Winnipeg Saturday for the play-off games against the Bombers. Freeze's stellar performance throughout the season with the Golden Bears resulted in a request from the Bronks that he play with that club on Saturday in the backfield. Another of Fritz's proteges has made good, and Alberta will be behind Bob Freeze one hundred per cent when he faces Winnipeg Bombers tomorrow.

In the event that the weather man calls off the present siege and declares an open season on outdoor sports, Alberta is still negotiating for games with U.B.C. and Saskatchewan to take place some time next week. U.B.C. Thunderbirds are reported to be in excellent trim and eager to meet the Bears; Huskies, too, are seeking revenge, and a game with either team would be a treat. On the other hand, should snow and cold forbid future games, the question arises, to whom should the Hardy Trophy be given, if to anyone? The answer to that perplexing puzzle is in the hands of Dr. Hardy himself, who has been approached concerning the eligibility of Alberta to regain the coveted cup on the strength of their decisive victory over Saskatchewan last week.

BADMINTON

Sunday, Nov. 10th, is the last day for the payment of fees. After that date only paid-up members will be allowed on the floor. If you don't get your card by Sunday, bring your dollar the first time you come after the 10th.

Cardboard tokens will be exchanged for permanent ones next week.

BEAR BITS

By GEORGE MATHEWS

Woe to the football team. With a foot of snow swirling around the campus and the mercury doing a fast depth dive, Varsity's grid looks like the frozen arctic. The situation at Griffiths Stadium in Saskatoon is exactly the same, according to information received late Thursday. In fact, the weather is so bad there that the second in the two game series between Saskatchewan and Alberta for intercollegiate rugby supremacy in the west has been cancelled until the temperature comes back to football possibilities again—if that is before spring.

Alberta fielded about the finest football in its history this year, and although the squad was able to show other colleges their strength by virtue of their 27-5 shellacking of the Huskies, it is a shame that such a fine batch of players couldn't go on to finish their series with Saskatchewan, and also play against either U.B.C. or Manitoba. It's a cinch that other colleges should admit our right to the cup because two of them wouldn't even play.

Vancouver still has green grass, and for this reason a telegram was sent U.B.C. late Thursday suggesting a play-off series. At press time no answer was received, but if opinions in the Vancouver Sun can be relied on, they have a good team who are favorable to a series with us.

Stormy weather brings to mind hockey, the most successful of our University's sports. With the election of officials Wednesday night, all that is left is to call the first practise, and the team will once again be off on its winning streak. Players showing up at the meeting indicated that a good percentage of last year's team are back again ready for the icy wars.

One sore point with last year's squad was the goalkeeping. Two netminders were tried and trained, and these boys will probably be back trying this year. However, there is plenty of room for new goalkeepers, and any man who has had some previous net-minding experience is asked to turnout at the first practise on Saturday at the Arena, 5 p.m. Coach Moher wants to look at all possibilities, particularly for this position. There are other positions open on the forward and defence lines, so rookies are advised to get their skates honed in preparation for the first big practise.

Indication that the Golden Bears will be affiliated with the Edmonton Flyers comes as welcome news. Those players who did play with the senior team will get valuable experience that would help out the Bears no end. Varsity would, in return, get free use of the Arena for twelve or more practises or games. Players have the last say as to whether they will play or not, and no player could be used by the Flyers for more than two games.

Arts-Com-Law finally beat the Engineers at interfaculty football. It's about time that some faculty gave those slide-rule men some opposition.

LETTER

FROM PAGE TWO

dealing with the proposed activities for Sadie Hawkins' Week. Here is a man with the unmitigated nerve to call himself "Student" who does not approve of a front page write-up on proposed social activities. Is he so steeped in academic lore that he can not appreciate the importance of social activities? Social activities which are to cover one whole week, social activities which are considered by his own Students' Council, and he would deny them the privilege of a front page write-up. Surely he is a mental case.

Turning from the front page, our worthy student takes up the editorials. Casting his austere and critical eye over one of them he decides that they have "as much bite and fight as a lame jellyfish." Should we inform him that a jellyfish does not bite or chew its food, it ingests it. At any rate, we can see why this moron cannot grasp the subtle intelligence of The Gateway editors. He requires something scathing. I suggest oil—applied directly.

Never having read the Miner's Rag with which our friend is evidently acquainted, and which he mentions in relation to the Casserole, I am at a slight disadvantage. I would like to say, however, that most broad-minded people are only broad-minded because they realize that smuttiness does not lie in the printed words, but in the mind that absorbs them. To satisfy this gentleman's delicate taste you might start a fairy tale column, or would that be still too harsh?

With regard to censure on the fluffy stuff pervading the paper, may I point out that ostrich plumes, very rare and expensive, are also fluffy? Like all fine things, fluffy stuff requires a certain amount of taste before it is appreciated.

Our moronic friend concludes with a few choice remarks about the general, rather than particular, nature of The Gateway. Six items were all he dared deal with in particular; six items in an issue of fifty-six items. He also adds, at this point, his suggestions for the uses that the ink and paper required for The Gateway could be put to advantage. He suggests darts as a use for the paper, but this article has another use which could be well applied directly to "Student."

Sincerely yours,
DEFENDER OF THE PRESS.

Varsity to Field Strong Team; Plan Four-Cornered League; George Stuart New President

Jack Walker Replaces Haddad as Manager

VETERAN STARS RETURN

Hockey is on its way! In fact, before next week comes to a close there should be a team picked and on the ice ready for whatever comes its direction. This was made clear at the second general meeting on Wednesday of this week.

Occupying the president's chair was George Stuart, newly-elected to that post, who explained plans for the future. He was a forward on last year's team, and is a most capable and efficient man for the position of president of hockey. He succeeds Pat Costigan, who has just completed his two-year term of office.

The general set-up of the league was discussed, and Varsity's position made clear. As it looks now, there will probably be four teams in the league. The Army will raise one, the Cardinals will more than likely field a team, along with Varsity and one other yet to be named. This will form a compact bang-up league, interest among the population who capable of attracting more than little step out to a game with the idea of seeing something.

The other teams in the league give impressions of being strong, but U. of A. will complete a team equal to anything put against it. The mainstays of last year's squad will be present: John MacDonell and Bob Torrance fighting for position of goal; Pat Costigan, Lucien Lambert and John Santopinto on the defense; Bud Chesney at centre; and on the forward line Ed Crowder, George Stuart, Gordon Darling and Lorne McDiarmid. Besides these men, local hockey scouts have their eyes on Bob Schrader, Bud Foley, Bruce MacKay, and Jack Simpson. Schrader played last winter for an Olds intermediate team, Bud Foley played hockey for the Rovers, New York Rangers farm team, Bruce MacKay was on the E.A.C. and Simpson also was a star on the championship E.A.C. squad. There are also prospects here who made names for themselves on Saskatchewan rinks. Everyone and anyone who thinks they can make a place on the team is asked to turn out, from goalkeepers to the front line. Times and places of practices will be announced later, probably late this week, as the president and coach have the desire to get things moving by next week if possible.

Varsity's first practices will be held in the South Side covered rink, where a dressing room is being built especially for it. Where all the league games will be held is as yet undecided.

Part of the main business of the meeting was to choose a trainer and manager for the club. Each position had several applications, which were each individually studied. By a vote, Max Yates, a fifth year Med student, was made trainer, and Jack Walker, a fifth year Dent, was made manager. For the position of trainer, Yates also has a year and a half St. John's Ambulance training, a credit

this loss by the Engineers will prove a stimulant to interfac rugby. Who knows—maybe next year the Meds will get up enough gumption to field a team. In view of the fact that this is the second time in ten years or more that the Engineers have lost the title, we extend hearty congratulations to Archie Nicols and his fighting team, who certainly put the Engineers to shame in the way of spirit. Cheer up, fellows; next year you'll have something to shoot at.

The lineups:
Engineers—Grimble, Sissons, Cary, Preboy, Buckingham, Sinclair, Grant, Simonton, Harris, Moore, H. Hole, Finn, Webb, Wilson, Haverstock, Mackintosh, Casault, Taylor, Tomlinson, B. Hole, Fenske, McFarland.
Arts-Com-Law—Nicol, Schrader, Santopinto, Ellis, Treacy, Wendt, Carr, Jones, French, Rae, Layton, Larue, Brimacombe, Compton, Smith, Pybus, Anderson, Dunaway, Flum-melfelt.

Women's Hoop Squad Organizes

Three rahs for W.A.A. — Co-ed basketball has definitely been organized for another year. President Mona Asselstine said yesterday: "We have prospects for a really fine team." Three members of last year's lineup are in front positions this year—Mona herself, Margaret Glick and Jean Robertson. The remaining seven are drawn from house leaguers and Freshettes. It's probable the U.A. team will play in a city league this winter. Double incentive to play hard and fast basketball has been given with the knowledge that this is their year to travel, challenging Saskatchewan after Christmas. There is only one catch—not all ten of the girls will be taken, and so competition is keen to gain the coveted positions on the final team.

NOTICE

The next meeting of the Spiked Shoe Club will be held Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8 p.m., in Room 142 in the Medical building. The election of officers will take place. As an added incentive to get all interested members out, Mr. Jim Pantton has offered to show movies of famous track and field events. Every person interested is urged to attend.

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